LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

The following poem, written by Mary H. Kron Consfordsville, Ind., ten years ago, when it

They drive home the cows from the pasture, Up through the long, sindy lane. Where the quall whistes loud in the wheat field Trut is yellow with ripening grain. They find, in the thick waving grains, where the scalet-lipsed strategy grows. They gather the earliet-lipsed strategy grows. And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They gather the elder-sloom white. They find where the dusly grapes purple in the soft-fitted decision light. They have where the spoke hang ripest, And are spected than farly's whise. They know where the reut hangs the thickest, On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate scawceds, And build tiny castles of sand: They pick up the beautiful sea-obelise— Fairy barks that have defited to land. They wave from the tal, rocking free tops Where the croice's hamnock neet swings And at night-time are folded in slumber. By a song that a fond mother sings.

These who toll bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor kecome great;
And from those brown-hamded children
Shall grow mighty ruless of State.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the laind,
The swort and chiled and pall-tte,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

BY BUTH CHESTERPIELD. John Mallory was returning from his day's work, with his spade over his shoulder, when he saw a woman sitting close to the wall, weeping bitterly.

John had a kind heart and was easily moved at the sight of distress, so he stopped and addressed the woman.

"You seem to be in trouble"—that was what he said. The mourner lifted her face, and he saw that she was a very

face, and he saw that she was a very

such a blunderer! Never mind the story now, but after supper when you are warm and comfortable, you shall tell us about yourself, that is, all that you wish ittell."

So when the three had eaten their

So when the three had eaten their

tting work, the young girl told her

LeRoy; that her father was a French refugee; but that she herself was born in Canada some years after he had left in Canada some years after he had lend his native country, he having married a Canadian. After the death of her mother he had come to Boston, hoping to be able to support himself and her by teaching his own language; but just as he had found a situation which promand the became very as he had found a situation which promised to be permanent he became very lil; in fact, the climate of this country had never agreed with him, and he was always mourning for "la belle France." He was sick a long time, and when he died he left has pounties.

to her mother's friends in Canada, no letters had ever been received in return. She believed she could find them how-ever, if she could get there, and that was now her aim. What she had suf-fered since she left Boston she said she could "never, never tell."

"It's all over now, my dear," said "It's all over now, my dear," said 'Mrs. Mallory, "so try to forget it, and just try to make yourself contented with ns until you are better able to travel than you are now."

For a whole week Estelle stayed with the Mallorys, gaining in health and beauty every day, and developing a careless lightness of spirit greatly in contrast to her first depression.

That John was not insensible to her

That John was not insensible to her attractions may well be imagined, and what the consequences might have been I cannot tell, if his heart had not been already preoccupied. That being the case there was no room there for the fair stranger, as you in the way of friend. fair stranger, save in the way of friend-ship, and he showed his friendship by bringing Mary, his betrotned, to see

Curious it was to see the two together

Mary, the staid New England girl,
with her rosy cheeks, her calm, blue
eyes and yellow hair; her plain dress,
and steady northern tongue; and
Estelle, with her olive skin, her hair

A gentleman alighted from the carriage and was followed by a beautiful gets more salary the man richly-dressed lady. Bobbing his man, but then, he p

THE CANTON MAIL.

THE STRING OF PEARLS.

A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

the true German type, of the peculiar fairness beheld in no other country-

for there is no cure for the awful pasti-lence. It is the duty of the island, on the certificate of a doctor that a man is a leper, to commit him to death in life at Molokai. Here he slowly rote away

A SAB PICTURE.

Home.
The horrible disease of leprosy is ex-

Sandwich Island Lepers and The

Terms:-\$3 00 a Year.

NUMBER 7.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, AUGUST 21, 1875.

bare head and waving aside his subor-dinates the obsequious landlord led the way to the parlor, took the orders of his distinguished guests and communicated them to his servants. Then there was an opening and shatting of doors, a ringing of bells, a rushing to and froin short, tumult as if the queen had

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Emmett L. Ross & Co., Proprietors.

elves the lady broke into a merry laugh.
"Oh, it is too droll, Sir Edward; it is the same landlord who, fifteen year

tramp."
"The villain! I should like to lay my cane over his back," said Sir Ed-"It isn't worth while—such an insig-nificant back," said the lady; "only don't take on airs, thinking all this at-tention is for us. It is only for our carriage and horses, and our clothes."

By and by, the landlord having made

some further errand to the parler, the lady, who was sitting by the window, re-"You have a pleasant little village people

any in the country," answered the de-lighted landlord.
"Do you know if there is a family by the name of Mallory living here?" asked

she.
"There's a farmer by that name, ma'am. Mr. John Mallory—if it's him you mean."
"The same, no doubt. He's living,

then—and his mother?"

"She died some six years ago, ma'am, and it's well, perhaps, considering the misfortune that's come to the family?"

"Misfortune?"

"Then you don't know," said the land-lord, delighted to have some intelligence what he said. The mourner lifted her face, and he saw that she was a very young woman, scarcely more than a girl, in fact. But this did not lessen his pity at all; possibly it increased it, for his heart was human as well as kind.

"Trouble? Ah, yes; I have come such a long, long way, and am so fatigue—so much weary! I went to the people's doors, but no one said anything only: 'Go 'way! we have no room for strangers. Go to the hotel, why do you not?"

"So I went to the hotel, but the landlord was worst than all the rest. Oh, how lord way as other riches do. But what does

He took it listlessly enough, but as he gianced over it his countenance changed.

"I don't understand," said he; and no wonder, for the deed was made out in his own name.

"So you, too, have forgotten me, as well as the big landlord up there; but maybe you will remember that," and she held out a queer little purse of netted silk.

John Mallory fixed his startled gaze upon her face, and something in the lustrous eyes, the smiling mouth, touched a long-silent chord of memory. She saw it, and, answering his look, said:

"Yes, I am Estelle LeRoy, and the same providence which sent you to me in my despair has sent me to you in died he left her penniless.

Of her relatives in France she knew nothing; and although since her father's death she had written more than once to her mother's friends in Canada, no letters had ever been received in return.

She ballowed the control of the contr She then told him that within two or three years after returning to Canada she had married an Englishman of rank, and had been in Europe most of the time since; but that, being now on a tour through "the States," they had come out of their way to visit those who had befriended her in her need.

"The dear mother is come I hear."

"The dear mother is gone, I hear; but the pretty Marie, she is well?" "My wife is well, and will come her-"Not to-night, not to-night; but to

morrow Sir Edward will come with me, and we will talk it all over—the past and present. He knows it all, and he will not you."

And in this she proved a true prophet.

A Japanese Bath. A writer in Temple Bar says: In

The milk of the camel is highly esteemed by the Arabs as an article of diet, and is prescribed as a specific in many cases of disease. Lady Duff Gorden, who resided several years in married. Egypt in the vain hope of recovering from consumption in that mild climate,

from consumption in that mild climate, drank camel's milk every morning, and derived a good deal of temporary benefit from it. In her spicy letters home she thus wrote of the novel beverage: "It has the merit of being quite delicious. I wish I could send you a jug of it every morning, such as I drink; it is better than any other milk, with thick froth like whipped cream. The Arabs think it very good for sick peo-Arabs think it very good for sick peo-ple; and a man called Sheriff brings ple; and a man called Sheriff brings his camel here every morning and milks her for me. Her baby camel is so funny; he looks all legs and big, black eyes, with soft, fluffy, buff-colored hair, and so very little body to such tall legs. I wish, too, you could see the camels have there dinner; they are the only people who use a table-cloth. The camel driver spreads a cloth on the "As pleasant and thriving a village as any in the country," answered the delighted landlord.
"Do you know if there is a family by the name of Mallory living here?" asked very gravely, and the others all take their places in preper order, and cat quite politely, howing their long neeks up and down; only one was sulky, and went and had his dinner by himself, like a naughty boy, and sometimes, the man said, he would not eat at all."

When in Capetown, Africa, in one of her lear incorrect the table to the

her long journeys after the health that she had rever found, Lady Duff Gordon frequently mentioned the wonderful strength and endurance of the native strength and endurance of the native breed of horses. The animals are very scantily fed, and, as no grass grows in the region, their fodder is restricted to oats, which they consume, straw and all. Often after hours of travel the only refreshment offered the beasts is a roll in the dust; but this really seems to strengthen and nourish the tough, hardy little quardrupeds, which are thus described by the lady from whom we have already quoted:

here and there) is covered with a low, thin scrub about eighteen inches high, called rhenostes-bosch—looking like meager arborvite or pale juniper. The cattle and sheep will not touch this juicy Hottentot fig; but under each little bush, I fancy, they crop a few blades of grass, and on this they keep in very good condition.

"The noble oxen, with their huge horns (uine or ten feet from tip to tip), are never fed, though they work hard, nor are the sheep.

"I have a little short. The young man strainmouth as he did so with the excess of exertion. Just as he touched the note with the tips of his fingers, the blind appeared, which was turned bottom side up as quick as a flash, and a deluge of slops fell on the young man. It wet him from head to foot, including his gorgeous shirt front, and poured into his mouth, eyes and ears. Instantly a whole row of blinds were thrown open, and at

nor are the sheep.
"The horses get a little forage (oats, "The horses get a little forage (cats, straw and all). I should like you to see eight or ten of these swift, wiry little horses harnessed to a wagon—a mere flat platform on wheels. In front stands a wild-looking Hottentot, all patches and feathers, and drives them best pace all 'in hand,' using a whip like a fishing-rod, with which he touches them, not savagely, but with a

touches them, not savagely, but with a skill which would make an old stage-coachman burst with envy to behold.'

JENNY LIND.

A Very Pretty Story of the Renowned Songst - A Characteristic Letter. Niagara Falls Letter to the N. O. Picaynne. There is an old friend of mine here, Capt, St. Clair Thomasson — Capt. Thomasson, who used to be "the most Thomasson, who used to be "the most popular captain on the river"—Capt. Thomasson, who says that he is afraid of only two things under heaven and earth—a mad dog and a widow—a d who used to believe in Spiritualism, until the medium told him there was a wife waiting for him in heaven, and she was a widow—Capt. Thomasson, whom everybody knows, and he tells a pretty story of the beautiful singer, Jenny Lind, who came here on a visit when I was a little girl in pantalettes. It seems that she came up the river on the captain's steamer, the Magnolia; he fell in love with her, of course, he al-ways does, escorted her from St. Louis to this place and accompanied her on the morning after her arrival to see the drawn near enough to take in its awful grandenr, all unconscious of the crowd that had followed, more to see Jenny Lind than the falls, this noble woman

lets. On the edge of the grass also plant some of the nameless little evergreen vines, which bear red (scarlet) berries, and whose dark, glosey, ivylike foliage will trail over the fresh blue and white of the violets with beautiful effect. Another good plan is to fill a rather deep plate with some of the nameless but beautiful silvery and light green and delicate pink mosses, which are met with in profusion in all the swamps and marshes. This can be swamps and marshes. This can be kept fresh and beautiful as long as it is not neglected to water it profusely once a day. It must, of course, be placed in the shade, or the moss will and pretty fungus growth from the barks of forest trees, and a few cones, shells, and pebbles. A very tall and shabby-looking man, a fellow that reminded you of a vagrant letter from a font of forty-line paragon extra condensed, stepped toup one of our bars, last week, and, after heaving a glass of liquor into his long throat, blandly asked the bar-tender if he could change a \$20 bill. The gentleman informed him that he could. "Weil,"

African Camels and Capetown Horses. your friend appreciate such a solid friend as you are? I can not help feel-ing that you still will see your heart's desire accomplished, and that you yet

what it is to be married, and happily married.

My most serious wishes go with you, and I shall not forget you, good captain, and do not cease to believe that God mest surely will give you "your heart's desire" as long as you wish a thing so holy as a wedded life. God has shown as a wedded life. has shown me a great wonder in send-ing me a friend just when I thought;

ing me a friend just when I thought; now it is too late to expect any earthly happiness more, and why should He not in His graciousness think of you—you are much better than I.

Shall I really give you what you asked of me for your little friend?

Well, so I will. Tell her when she gets your gift that it is the heir of a precent your gift that it is the hair of a person who traly believes that Capt. Thomas-son is made to make a good woman happy, and that when he gives away his heart he gives it entirely and with confidence.

We leave America this Saturday, the

29th inst., in the Atlantic. We do not intend to ever return to this country again. If not we will, through the only Mediator—the only door through which we will find entrance to heaven—our Saviour, our blessed, Holy Saviour—certainly meet again, where no separation, no sorrow, no grief, is to be.

Oh, dear friend! Let us prepare ourselves for that lasting joy, and never cease to feel that next to the immense gift of this our Saviour, is pure affect. gift of this, our Saviour, is pure affec-tion and pure friendship of greatest value, and that people who have felt these feelings here below certainly will

continue to feel the same "up-stairs," and therefore it is that my good cap-tain will find me even in heaven his truly attached friend. God be with JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT, born Lind. P. S.—My husband sends you many

most direct route known to them.

WOMEN UNDER THE HINDOO LAW.

According to the Hindoo law giver, a woman has no god on earth but her husband, and no religion except to gratify, obey, and serve him. Let her husband be crooked, old, infirm, offen-

husband be crooked, old, infirm, offen-sive; let him be irascible, irregular, a

drunkard, a gambler, a debauches; let him be reckless of domestic affairs, as if

laugh; if he weeps, she ought to yeep; if he is disposed to speak, she ought to join in the conversation. Thus is the goodness of her nature displayed. What woman would eat until her husband has

woman would eat antil her husband has first had his fill? If he abstains, she will surely fast also; if he is sad will she not be sorrowful? And if he is gay, will she not leap for joy? In the ab-sence of her husband her raiment shall

MENT.—A beautiful ornament for the sitting-room can be made by covering a

common glass tumbler with moss, the latter fastened in place by sewing-cotton wound arourd. Then glue dried moss upon a saucer, into which set the tumb-ler, filling it and the remaining space

of ferns, and the latter with wood vio

clump of large azure violets should be placed, adding some curious lichens

The whole of the local stay of years and wavy 1 are seen and the local stay of the local stay of years and wavy 1 are seen and the local stay of years and wavy 1 are seen and the local stay of years and wavy 1 are seen and years and the local stay of years and wavy 1 are seen and years and the local stay of years and years and the local stay of years and moiselle Mendel was valiant in defence of 'her reputation, and, aware of the responsibility incurred by great talent, esisted every overture, even that of marriage, on the part of the duke, well knowing, as she did, that it was entirely out of his power to contract any alliance of the kind, as much was expected of him by his family.

was the rumor in Angsbourgh. The fair Mendel had been robbed; while on the stage, divested of all ornament in the prison scene, as Bettina Von Arm-stedt, her dressing-room had been en-tered, and the velvet band, with its row appeared, which was turned bottom side up as quick as a flash, and a deluge of slops fell on the young man. It wet him from head to foot, including his gorgeous shirt front, and poured into his mouth, eyes and ears. Instantly a whole row of blinds were thrown open, and at every window appeared a group of giggling girls. That prayer-meeting broke up without a henediction and the priceless pearls, had disappeared om the toilet table. The event was so from the toilet table. The event was so terrible, and her nerves were so shaken, that in spite of the assurance of the chief police magistrate, who happened to be in the theatre at the moment, that he was sure to find the thief in a very short time, for he had the clue already, poor Mademoiselle Mendel was so overcome by grief that her memory for the stage not a word could store member of her part. up without a benediction, and the young men returned to Vallejo by the

The audience waited some time in astonishment at the silence maintained by their favorite actress; the actress gazed at the audience in piteous embarrassment, until, by a sudden inspiration, and almost mechanically indeed, she remembered that she had the rehearsal copy of the play in the pocket drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee; let him be reckless of domestic affairs, as if possessed by a devil; though he lived in the world without honor; though he be deaf or blind, wholly weighed down wife regard him as her God. With all her might shall she serve him, in all things obey him, see no defects in his character, and give him no cause of uneasiness. Nay, more; in every stage to her existence woman lives but to obey—at first her parenta, next her husband and his parents, and in her old age must be ruled by her children. Never during her whole life can she be under her own coarrol, the life of women in India must be conducted. The Hindoo writer was considerate enough too add a few particulars: "If her husband laughs, she ought to weep; if her didrecal to the stage of the polay in the pocket of the play in the pocket of the apron of her costume. She drew it forth without hesitation, and began to read from it with the greatest self-possession imaginable. At first the audience knew not whether to laugh or be angry: but presently memory, pathos, forgetfulness of all but her art, returned to her, and, in the utterance of one of the most impassioned sentiments of her speech, she flung the rehearsal copy into the crost with the greatest self-possession imaginable. At first the audience knew not whether to laugh or be angry: but presently memory, pathos, forgetfulness of all but her art, returned to her, and, in the utterance of one of the most impassioned sentiments of her speech, she flung the rehearsal copy into the orchestra, and went on with her or obey—at first her parents, and in her old the most impassioned sentiments of the most impassioned sentiments of the most impassioned sentiments of the ence knew not whether to laugh or be angry: but presently memory, pathos, forgetfulness of all but her art, returned to her, and, in the utterance of one of the most impassioned sentiments of the ence knew not whether to laugh or be angry: bu

much, and she fainted away. On com-ing back to consciousness it was to find Duke Louis at her feet, and the chief officer of police standing at her side, bidding her take courage, for the precious pearls had been found.
"Where are they?" she exclaimed

"Are you sure that none are missing? Have none been stolen?" Dake Louis then clasped around her neck the string of pearls, complete at last, no longer sewn on the velvet band, but strung with symmetry and fastened with a diamond clasp. What more could be done by the devoted lover? could be done by the devoted lover?
He had spared neither pains nor sacrifice to attain his end, and Mademoiselle
Mendel consented to become his wife.
The empress of Austria appears to have
been so much moved by the story, that
she suggested the nomination of the
bride elect to the title of Baronesse de Wallersee, which thus equalized the rank of the lovers, and enabled to marry without any difficulty. They live the most happy and retired life possible in their pretty little chateau on Lake berg, where the empress of Austria

lately visited them.

They say the Duchess Louise of Bavaria never puts off, night or day, the necklace of pearls, the clasp of which she had riveted the morning after its presentation by the duke, and that in onsequence of this peculiarity she is known all through the country round by the name of the Fairy Perlina, from the old German tale of the Magic Pearl.

Curing Headache with a Six-nemy Nail.

A strange and remarkable case was brought under the attention of Dr. Tate, of Augusta county, a few days since. He was called to see Mrs. Taylor, wife of Mr. Robert Taylor, living about three miles from Greenville, and found that she had driven a six-penny nail into the back of beach of the six-phich aft. The rail had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the pain had been driven in several days in the barge at all the pain had been driven in several days in the barge at all the point of the previously, and by her own hand. It was discovered by a daughter of hers while combing her hair one day, and while combing her hair one day, and but her daughter of hers are trained at the poor parents are train close, unhealthful he invigorating experience and the pitter of the pain had been driven in several days the back of her and had been driven in several days the back of her and had been driven as the provided with a gent of the provided with a gent pittal system by which poor parents are trained close, unhealthful he invigorating experience and the pittal system by which poor parents are trained close, unhealthful he invigorating experience and the pittal system by which poor parents are trained close, unhealthful he invigorating experience and the pittal system by which poor parents are trained close, unhealthful he invigorating experience and the pittal system by which close, unhealthful he invigorating experience and the pittal system by which poor parents are trained close, unhealthful he invigorating experience and the pittal system by which close and the pittal system by which close and the pittal system by which close, unhealth

days before, with the flat side of a hatchet; that she had been suffering with violent pains in her head, but since driving in the nail she had been entirely The recognition by the imperial family of Austria of the marriage of Duke Louis, of Bavaria, with the beautiful Mademoiselle Mendel, the actress, of Augsbourg, gave a new aim to the the-The horrible disease of leprosy is extending its ravages in spite of every care of prevention. The island of Molokai is set apart as a quarantine, where the lepers are isolated as fast as they are discovered, and the living, foci of disease thus segregated. The natives the risk the risk sure to be snapping off rubber blubpartially deranged. If the nail pene-trated the skull, as I understand it did, it is a very remarkable case, and one of much interest to the medical fraternity.

R fined Manners at Home.

-Richmond Dispatch.

the talk of every green-room in Europe. It was reported in the conlisses of the There is a power in the tout ensemble beyond that of the tailor. The cont may be of the latest Parisian cut, and the man may be a beast, whose leopard spots, all the tailor's art can not hide. There is a power beyond that of gold, which can make one forget the shabby cont and the old fashioned dress. It is the manner, which money can not buy theatres that her Austrian majesty was the great promoter of the marriage, the story commenced with her brothers' courtship being romantic enough to excite the strongest interest in her kind womanly heart, and making it forgetful of all distinction of rank, where an equal share of love and delicacy had the menner, which money can not buy, which the tailor can not cut. But how is this enviable address to be obtained? By seeking the true and beautiful in the

equal share of love and delicacy had been displayed by both the lovers. Mademoiselle Mendel, who had pre-served her reputation unsullied amid all the perils and temptations of theatrical life, was considered the most lovely woman in Germany, and in her private circle, as well as in her public life, was the admiration of all who had the pleas-ure of knowing her. Her beauty is of the true German type, of the peculiar "Can you give me a general rule for manners?" a girl once asked her teach-er. "Yes: cultivate your heart," was the answer.

There is a large class of people whose

full dress manners are put on and off with the full dress. A "society man" may be a perfect ghoul at home. Only golden hair in soft silky masses, with-out the smallest tinge of auburn—pure gold, unburnished; a complexion deliout the smallest tinge of anourn—pure gold, unburnished; a complexion delicate as the inner petals of the rose—pale pink, scarcely ever seen in nature, and almost impossible to produce by artificial means; lips of deep carnation; teeth small and exquisitely white, and eyebrows of the darkest brown, with eyes of the deepest blue.

All this made such an impression on the heart of Duke Louis, that, from the moment he first beheld her at the Munich Theatre, he vowed himself to the worship of this old idol. But Mademoiselle Mendel was valiant in defence of the reputation, and, aware of the sold in the part of the matter will take the pains to compare their manners abroad with those at home, they will be ast nished beyond measure.

And yet, is this moralizing? What a vast change might be made for the bet-

And yet, is this moralizing? What a vast change might be made for the better in the home circle! Mariana, who is always so polite abroad, feels at perfect literty to be impatient, lose her temper, and sulk in her own family. She "won't," and she "will," and "Sam's ugly," and "Mother's cross;" yet, after all, she is probably in the midst of those she loves best, and those who have most love for her.

The she needed his advice. There are great men, you know, might look calmly on a tidal wave, who might exasperate a saint—woman, we mean—by their indifference to home concerns. A mother in the country asked ber

A mother in the country asked ber daughter, "Annie, don't you want to do something for me?" The answer to ask me if I want to do things for you. Of course I don't want to particularly, but I'm willing to." If Annie had been staying with her rich aunt in town, wand she have dared to answer in this way? But is not more courtesy due to a mother than any one cise? a mother than any one eise?
"He wore neither cravat nor gloves,
but his manners were full-dress." She
wore a lovely Paris dress, but her man-

ners were demi toilette. "She looks divinely at a party," is often said; but "is she divine at home?" cannot always oe affirmatively answered.

There is a sacred pattern—but open to all. The beginning of such a life at home may be as still and silently sweet as the opening of a rose in the darkness of night, but its influence—ah! that is as immeasurable as the heaven is higher than the earth! More than forty years ago, says the New York Journal of Commerce, when it was found that prevention for the Asiatic cholera was easir than cure, the learned doctors of both hemispheres drew up a prescription, which was published (for working people) in the New York San, and took the name of "The Sun Chelera Mixture." Our contemporary never lent its name to a better article. We have seen it in constant use for nearly two score years, and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. It is to be commended for several reasons, It is not to be mixed with liquor, and therefore will not be used as an alco-

The Cholera Cure.

therefore will not be used as an alco-holic beverage. Its ingredients are well known among all common people, and it will have no prejudice to combat; each of the materials is in equal propor-tion to the others, and it may therefore

be compounded without professiona skill, and as the dose is so very small, i

may be carried in a tiny phial in the waistcoat pocket, and be always at hand.

Tinet. opii, Capsici Rhei co.

Menth pip.,

pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and cam-phor, and mix them for use. In case of

diarrhoa take a dose of ten to twenty drops in three or four teaspoonfuls of water. No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera. We commend it to our west-

ern friends, and hope that the recipe will be widely published. Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excel-lent remedy for ordinary sammer com-

Campho. Mix the above in equal parts; dose, ten to thirty drops. In plain terms, take equal parts tineture of opium, red

An Inquest on Abel,

Yesterday afternoon an excited indi-vidual, with his hat standing on two hairs, and his eyes projecting from his head like the horns of a snail, rushed into the effice of Coroner H.—. The coroner is by profession a deutist, and his first thought, as he glanced at the man, was that he was well nigh distracted with toothache. He was soon catch his breath after running up the stairs : "Been a man murdered

"A man murdered?" cried the cor-aer; "how? where?"
"In a garding, I believe; with a club "How long ago?" cried the coroner, eizing his hat and cane.
"Been done a good while, and no po-

lice nor constables hasn't never done nothin' about it. Never been no coroner set on the body nor nothin' of the kind;

"What's the dead man's name? Who
was he?' cried the coroner.
"His name was Abel."
"Abel? Abel who?"

but his first name,"
"Well, what is the name of the man one suspected?"
"Well, I've heard that a fellow named Cain, put out his light. Cain was the brother of Abel, and—"

The coroner smells a mice, and flour-ishing his cane, cries: "You git down them stairs, my fine fellow. Git, and don't show yourself here again!" With a loud guffaw, the fellow went down the stairs, three steepests a fire down the stairs, three steps at a time, the doctor calling after him, "How dare you trifle with an officer in this wav ?"

ADVERTISING RATES. Sach subsequent insertion
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One column one year

Notices in local columns inserted for 20 centre No proof of publication of legal advertisements will be made until our foe is settled. Aunomoting candidates for state and district offices, \$15; and for county offices, \$10. Marriages and deaths published free. Other-ries charged as advertisements.

won spoil from those nooks in the everlasting hills upon which the sun's rays still linger when they have long since

O day in which we shall forget

O safest, best day for reform!

they are discovered, and the living, for of disease thus segregated. The natives seem perfectly reckless about the risk of contagion, and the gregarious instinct is so strong that they will smoke the pipes, wear the clothes, and sleep on the mats of lepers! Indeed, they conceal the victims of the disease as long as possible, and the government officials have great difficulty in ferreting out the infected persons.

Let us take a rapid glance at the leper settlement of Molokai, which is alike a hospital and a charnel-house; for there is no cure for the awful postilence. It is the duty of the island, on the certificate of a docter that a man is THE most civilized are as near to bar-

There are no individual distinctions among the sufferers. Queen Emma's cousin, a man of wealth, and Mr. Ragadale, the most influential and eloquent lawyer among the half-whites, share the same doom as stricken Chinamen and laborers from the plantations. The necessity is terrible, but no less a necessity; and, in the case of Mr. Ragadale, who gave himself up voluntarily, the case was aggravated by the fact that he is a man of great accomplishments and almost unbounded control over his countrymen, one who, had it not been for his fearful disease, would have risen to a very prominent position in state affairs.

He for the wit, and it form had he may been my son I should have punished him severely.

Ma only laughed at him and said be ought to be sahamed of himself. Pa said he'd cane him next time, but goodness! what do pa's threats amount to?

Once Tom became so perfectly awful that he was sent to boarding-school, and then there was a little peace in the house. But it didn't last long. What can you expect where there is only one boy and five girls? Of course Tom is the pet, and ma mourned for him so that he had to be sent for to come home.

The other day Sue Thorne (she lives next door and dresses elegantly) and I a couple of sheep were carried fully a mile and landed in a tree top, and were found pinned together by a board that had been driven through the bodies of the poor animals.

the greatest. They are like the earliest flowers of spring, the crocus, lovely and richly-tinted, but small and scentless. It is summer that brings forth flowers of matured splendor and fra-

members of the perized when they are sent into exile and no longer have any claim on the property.

The sensibilities of the visitor are alsocked when he are the throngs of active looking thes, who shrink away from the the side of the said of the awful spectacles in the hospitals, wherein everything is pervaded with the sickening odor of the grave; where all around, crouched on their mats and shivering with despair, are seen the yet breathing corpses of the poor wretches who leer for a moment out of their ghoul-like eyes, and then shrink into themselves again, carleatures of life, masses of rotting flesh with but little semblance of humanity through the mystery of death which langs over the valley of Molokia discloses some of the more woeful features for as the resources of the government will permit. The most strenuous efforts, and lett the dog, and it stood and looked at the permit. The most strenuous efforts, and lett the dog, and it stood and looked at the permit are being made to stamp out the disease and provide for the comfort of those who are isolated.

The sensibilities of the visitor are alloued when the property.

Sho we are a calico dress and helps cook." I just though twe'd die!

Ma said something about Tom's lively did in the company was gone she tried to spank Tom, but he sold never some of his play-things for wretched little curs that the poor wretches who leer for a moment out of their ghoul-like eyes, and then shrink into themselves again, carleave of life, masses of rotting flesh with but little semblance of humanity are cen the yet breathing corpses of the poor wretches who leer for a moment out of their ghoul-like eyes, and then shrink in the move of his nice clothes or some of his play-things for wretched little curs that the poor wretches who leer for a moment out of their ghoul-like eyes, and then shrink a sick one, and fer it had got the refrance the visit and provide for the was the elother and provide for the work of the play of the fashionable to the refrance that the poor outcasts a

after the train left Fremont he and hig daughter were engaged in eating a lunch, when the daughter removed sev-eral handsome rings from her fingers and handed them to her father to take care of until the lunch had been dis-posed of. The gentleman took up some chicken bones with the hand containing the rings, and, in a moment of absent-mindedness, threw bones and rings out of the open window of the car. The of the open window of the car. rings were valued at \$1,700.—Ome

thing but Peggy or Sis, and when I try to teach him his lesson throws putty-balls at me through a blow-pipe and tells me to go to thunder with my book.

Of course he'll never be anything but a

disgrace to us; like as not he'll be a poor man and work on a farm; he says

poor man and work on a tarm; he says he shall, or a sailor. Ma says, terrible as the blow would be, she would rather have him die. Last year we took him to Saratoga with us. But if I should write a million books I never could te! how we suffered. He was always get-

ting lost, or eating strange vegetables that grow in the woods, or falling head

first down the stairs, or being hauled out from under the feet of horses, or fighting with other boys, until ma said she was so worn out it would take years

to restore her. Of course we could not take care of him—we had no time—and he was too big to mind nurse, and so he was an awful drawback to our comfort. This year, ma says, he shall not go with us, but what shall we do with him?

Oh, won't somebody think of a place to put boys between the age of two and twenty! Some place where they cannot bother their mothers and big sisters, but can be kept quiet and out of the

way? If anybody can, it will be better than a legacy of gold to Tom's worn out

In the accessories to a lady's toilet is noticeable the extravagant display of laces, Mechlin standing high in favor. Not only are the costly kinds, such as point de Alencon, Applique and Valenciennes, called into requisition, but the inexpensive and fluffy ones, which are immensely becoming and within the reach of all. The novelty in belts is the green grain ribbon, not more than

Childrens' Floati

inder five years of ag and are supporting

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

O thou to-morrow! Mystery!
O day that ever runs before!
What hast thine hidden hand in store
For mine, to-morrow, and for me?
O thou to-morrow! what hast thou
In store to make me bear the now?

The tangled troubles of to-day!
O day that laughs at duns, at debt!
O day of promises to pay!
O shelter from all present slorm!
O day in which we shall reform!

Consonient day of promise!
Hold back the shadow of the storm.
O blessed to-morrow! Chiefest friend,
Let not thy mystery be less,
But lead us blindfold to the end.

You've pinned it back," he cried with grief,
"Much farther than you'd orter:
our stomach stands out in bold relief—
My darter! oh, my darter!

lence. It is the duty of the island, on the certificate of a doctor that a man is a leper, to commit him to death in life at Molokai. Here he slowly rots away in a terrible exile, for there is no release for him except the merciful hand of death. The agonized parting and the woo of the friends as they cling to the bloated limbs and kiss the glistening, swollen faces of those who are said to be something almost heartrending. There are no individual distinctions among the sufferers. Queen Emma's among the sufferers of the stairs when he came in, and shouted:

"Oh, my eye! look at his legs!" and when I looked up the stairs and made a face at him the little villain said louder than ever: "Don't sit on 'em, sis; they'll break!" Now folks may laugh at such things if they want to, but I fail to a gentleman, but the prettiest and most pathetic, is that given by a young lady. "A gentleman," asys she, "is a numan being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

During a recei

It is folly to call the joys of childhood

had not come in and taken away the brute.

People think that I am quite a genius, and sister Bell paints lovely pictures. Our names have appeared two or three times in the papers already. Mine as the author of a poem "To a Canary Bird's Eyes," and Bell's as the winner of the prize in her school for painting. But Tom don't care. We might be wild Hottentots for all the respect he ever shows us. I try to make him call me Margaret or sister, and have offered to teach him rhetoric so that he may get to be a writer and make his mark in the world, but he never will call me anything but Peggy or Sis, and when I try to teach him his lesson throws putty-balls at me through a blow-pipe and tall as the state of the state o

In the accessories to a lady's toilet is

the gross-grain ribbon, not more than two inches wide, and worn about the waist, to fasten in front on the left side in a bow, with loops and ends reaching nearly or quite to the knee; also, the narrow Russian leather ones exhibited in most of the shops.

English Women's Art in Dress.